barrel and the tune would be changed. This was all deliberate, chosen, a setting, a stage mounting, a *d&or.* Well, what if it was, did that destroy the essence of it ? By no means; only if you subtracted the *dioor* there was really nothing left. Therefore I came to the conclusion that in this house I had seen nothing of native life. The native life was in the heads and veins of these girls; it lay hidden beneath a rubbish heap of European phrases and grimaces/'

It cannot be said better. When next you read the rhapsodies of a tourist, remember those words. Remember that, in that he has rhapsodised, he shews you that he has been adding to the rubbish.

Calderon left, like the rest of us, for the country. It was nineteen years ago and he found better there. You can still find better there, but not what Calderon found. Or I think not. Yet when he writes of one Amaru, " everything that Amaru

does is poetry to me, for he always begins at the beginning/' he writes of what still lingers; and when he tells of " salt water lapping gently at the bottom of a grey rocky cliff ” and of " the rich delight, when hot with walking, of going up a hollow of the hill, undressing, and going down into at iny